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the village, though without any intention to steal. But in the opinion of this lawyer the matter was actionable, and he instantly set about drawing a declaration, with which he waited upon him (Lord Stanhope) to shew how well he could do it. Having stated the circumstances, he gave him this declaration to read, and he accordingly began to read with this same lawyer standing at his elbow; and then, for the first time, he acquired knowledge of this wonderful science of declaration-making. There was no less than *twelve counts* in this declaration about taking away the leather breeches! There was no force—no *vi et armis*, in the business, for there was nobody belonging to the cottage at home when the breeches were taken away, and he was therefore somewhat surprised to find it charged that the defendant had with guns, pikes, halberts, pistols, and a variety of other deadly weapons, broke open this cottage and taken away the leather breeches. This was the first count. On looking at the second, he found that the defendant,

not content with small-arms, had attacked this cottage with cannons, cannon-balls, bombs, and other similar arms, and taken away the leather breeches. In the third count 100 horses, and 100 horsemen upon these 100 horses, had been brought into this village to storm the unfortunate cottage, and carry away the leather breeches: and, in short, out of the twelve counts eleven were pure fictions, there being only one which bore the least resemblance to the truth. He naturally asked the lawyer what was the meaning of these guns, pikes, and pistols, &c.? The lawyer, smiling at his ignorance, answered, "Oh, I see your lordship don't understand these matters; that is what we lawyers call a nullity." "What do you mean by these cannons, bombs, &c.?" "That is likewise what we lawyers call a nullity." "What do you mean by this troop of horse coming to carry away the leather breeches?" "That is what we lawyers call a nullity." In short, all were nullities except one.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A VERY PRETTY PAIR OF PINDARICS.

ODE I.

YOU Critos and you Philo-Critos too,
In metre sweet my loyal Muse proposes
To dedicate a pair of odes to you,
So, prick your ears, and pray cock up
your noses,
And, as you move along with courtly amble,
Let all the Magazine-boys fear and tremble.

Men of mighty name, and mighty quill,
Old father Crito, and young Mister Phil,
Long may your well earned honours
grace you,

May no "Subscriber" dare again to move,
Nor "Irishman" give you a shove,

Or from the News-Letter venture to
displace you.

Sweet as the corn-rail's soft melodious
voice,

When nature bids both birds and beasts
rejoice;

Sweet as the carrion-crow's harmonious
croak,

From clust'ring hawthorns, or from groves
of oak;

Sweet as the howling of foreboding dogs,
Sweet as the notes of fifty hungry hogs,

Sweet as the mewings of an am'rous cat,
Or when she's growling o'er a conquered
rat;

Delightful as all these are your sweet
voices,
At which my humble Muse most loyally
rejoices.

Let friends to independency revile,
Keep at your old jog-trot the while,
And lash them;
And men who talk of freedom—rank and
file
I'd have you thrash them.
Death! fury! fire! a man may well ex-
claim,
Is't not a very pretty matter,
To hear them mump and chatter
Of what we all know's but an empty
name?
Scourge me such fellows from the place,
They're fit to poison half the human race!

Tell us, indeed, our feuds to drown!
Dare to preach concord to the town!!
This is nice doctrine for our day!
Well, should they labour in their calling,
Do you continue on your loyal bawling,—
They'll soon have nought to say:
Mute as if death had glued up all their
lips,
A harmless set of nature's useless chips.

I've seen, 'tis true, a dirty shroud
Obscure the sun's bright ray—
He burst in splendour from the cloud,
And poured round perfect day.
But I've also seen a fire, turf or coal, no
matter,
And felt the light and heat it spread
about,
When lo! some scullion with a tub of
water
Came souse at once and put the fire out.

Crito—Philo-Crito—bring your tubs,
Filled with envy's "gumliest dubs,"
And on the Magazine-boys come slap-dash;
Tickle them,
Put out their flaming fire with a splash,
And pickle them.

—
ODE II.

O FORMOSE puer!
That is, lovely Crito,
Plac'd in a situation such as you are,
Your business you must have an eye to.
Trudging along like horses in a mill,
Keep on the good old track with Mister
Phil.

Certes you know full well to play your
cards;
Not Ingleby the conjuring emp'ror better:
Your feats will be the theme of future bards,
And spread abroad in the *Belfast News-
Letter*.

"Fortuna favet fortibus" my boys—
Pounce on the Magazine inditers,
Those sturdy independent writers,
Who in their Retrospect of Politics,
Of courtiers dare to shew the tricks,
And sink them in your clamour, rout, and
noise.

Tell them that universal concord is a curse,
That liberty religious or civil,
Is the devil,
And Catholic emancipation worse and
worse.
Don't dissemble:
Let Orange Boven be the yell,
And peal the "banner cry of Hell"
Until they tremble.

Bring Quail to "shake at them his gory
locks,"
And as his glaring eye-balls roll,
He'll harrow up each Magazine-man's
soul,
And strike them all as mute as stones or
stocks.

Bring down the Attorney-general here
with speed,
He'll shortly do their job,
Let them beware, look sharp, take heed,
For he'll not spare a single nob:
Without a razor will he shave the sconces
Of these most stubborn Anti-Orangedunces.

Anti-Orangeism! why, that excites sus-
picion,
In fact it may be call'd sedition,
At least 'tis matter treasonable:
And that the Attorney-general's greatly
wanted
Must be granted,
As matter reasonable.

Now may we to the Magazine-men say or
sing,
"Ha! infidels we have you on the hip,"
When Saurin comes he'll make your ears
ring,
And teach you, without fiddling, how
to skip:

Yes, when he your saucy noddles gives a
 scoring,
 You'll vent your penitence in hideous
 roaring.
 Such be the fate of all who wield the pen
 Against the *loyal feuds* stirred up by O-
 rangemen.

TO MY HARP.

I.

CHARMER of life ! sweet harp, to thee
 I wish to consecrate my song,
 And tho' unskill'd in minstrelsy
 That sleeps thy silver strings among,
 Yet still the pathos of thy wire,
 The bold persuadings of thy strain,
 Command my soul, my bosom fire,
 And banish care's ill-boding train.

II.

When first in early life I heard
 Thy rich redundancy of tone,
 I blest thy notes, I blest thy bard,
 Then grasp'd thee as thou wert my own;
 Among thy strings my fingers crept
 By art unaided, and to me
 The sound I made was sweet ; I wept,
 And dropp'd a tear my harp on thee.

III.

Years pac'd away, I look'd around,
 My native country caught my eye,
 And soon, alas ! a cause I found,
 To dew my cheek, to make me sigh.
 Th' historic muse before me laid,
 Such scenes as only please the mind
 That fiends misanthropic have made
 A den of mischiefs to mankind.

IV.

Eria ! tho' blest by nature more
 Than other isle, than other land !
 Yet, discord rules thy em'rald shore,
 Concordant with a lawless hand.—
 Thy ancient glories prostrate lie,
 Unstrung the herald of thy name,
 And soon we'll hear slow passing by,
 The last sad requiem of thy fame.*

* If the Catholic Board be suppressed,
 enslaved Erin will then lose her moving
 tone of complaint ; she will then arrive
 at the lowest point of degradation. Here

V.

Mild soother of my lonely hours !
 Wilt thou survive th' unwelcome day
 That will my country's fairest flowers
 Consign unmindful to decay
 Yes, thou may'st live, and it shall be
 Thy dearest duty to relate,
 What was the land gave birth to thee,
 Ere sunk to slav'ry's lowest state.

VI.

Faction accurs'd ! to thee we owe,
 Whatever wrongs or ills we feel—
 The *penal code*, th' exclusive foe,
 Is offspring of thy bigot zeal :
 And still thy *annual* banners stream,
 Surrounded by a mongrel race,
 The burden of whose every theme,
 Is ruin to their native place !

COLMANUS.

A SONG.

I.

JOY to the circle that now closes round,
 The magical circle of hearts that we love !
 Our souls in the strong ties of friendship
 are bound,
 And no hand shall the fairy-wove fetters
 remove.
 Though chains we abhor, and in freedom
 delight,
 Yet friendship is freedom when warm and
 sincere ;
 Let the charm then that girds us be ever
 kept bright,
 O ! as bright as those pure beaming eyes
 that are here.

II.

Hail to the moment that now passes by !
 This moment to friendship and song we
 resign ;
 Our pleasures are winged, and if as they
 fly,
 We can pluck but a feather we must not
 repine.

and there, and now and then, her bards,
 who yet, and who will still love her, may
 sing of her sorrows, but the grand chorus
 of her *petitional* band will cease, and cor-
 ruption and willing slavery join to revel
 on her misfortunes.